

Time After Time

by Northern Fox

Category: Frankenstein

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-15 19:29:01

Updated: 2016-04-15 19:29:01

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:29:26

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,101

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In the eighteenth century, Captain Walton is in dismay after loosing Victor but continues forth to England. In 2016 the Monster has lived through time and is the Captain of the Canadian Coast Guard Icebreaker Amundsen. When a phenomenon takes Walton's ship forward in space and time, brutal and devastating actions bridge the past and future together.

Time After Time

****Time After Time****

****By Tahsin H.****

To Mrs. Saville, England

September 13, 17â€œ

I bellow, I bellow over Victor, I had lost a dear friend; I doth not know why fate has taken him from the spirit of life. I was blind to see what lay over the path that led towards so-called knowledge. Ignorance, foolishness and calamity it has brought unto me. But it was Victor who saved me from that cursed path. He saved my ship from the scourged path, the path that destroyed Victor. He had ultimately saved me from seduction. He gave me the sense to realize, what was I going to find in the Arctic? What was I to gain on such a harrowing trip? What knowledge would I find in the North? With great gratitude, I give my late friend thanks for making me realize the futility of my trip, removing what laid in my stubborn mind. Therefore, Victor, I wish you my poor friend well in the hereafter.

September 14, 17â€œ

I rose from slumber and gave my attention to thee; the archangel-white snow and ice gleaming bright, the ever so strong and crisp winds striking onto my face, the ocean blue sky with not a trace of clouds, and the fairly distant peaks of Svalbard. All in all

the paradise of death. I have to come to realize that the Arctic seduces those who come near it, the gleaming and fantastic views hide its most terrifying secrets. Ultimately the mask of the she-devil known as nature.

I have made great notice of the power of nature; it is as though it knows the human well, she makes use of his unfortunate traits, it is as though she has mastered at being a devious one. She mocks the human being by making him indulge into her ferociously only to be curtailed into misery. She gives her bounty to the human; she lets him make his grandest piece of work, only for it to be destroyed by her wrath. Nature manipulates the mind of the human, to let him reach for more, to let him explore, to feel adrenaline, all to die as a pawn in her game. I may be very shrewd but after such an experience with the bitter cold, I have finally made my mind on the many aspects of life. That opinion however differs with people who did not have ease as us English do. For such the Cossacks of Russia will tell you that they have made use of nature's exploits and are wary of her tricks. Living in such an environment strengthen their minds, they became vigilant, bold, _strong. _Seeing such nature allowed them to embrace with her, making them magnificent yet monstrous Slavic warriors.

In contrast with these warriors, the English have always made brash statements to nature which to my misfortune was the beginning of my disastrous endeavour. As the many explorers continue to come out of the womb of mother Britannia, they but more so we are taught to say the boldest of statements to nature that Britannia utters, "_Rule Britannia! Britannia Rule The Waves!"_

September 15, 1786"

I write to you in haste with these few words. As I continue to mark the paper with my pen, my ship is currently entangled in the ferocious storm. The dense fog covers our ship, limiting my crew members' ability to navigate. The rough waves and winds of the storm sway the ship dangerously, it is as though my ship had been suspended in time, threading on the line of life. I have experienced such storms on many occasions, but every time it feels as though that every storm I encounter is genuine, surreal, _awe-some. _

Despite this, I hope to be able to reach the European mainland within a few days. With no indecision I have set my eyes on supplying and resting at Trondheim. From Trondheim I will be able sail back to England. While the dark grey covers my ship, I bid my greetings to your husband and unto you dear sister. I wish that you will do the same.

Your brother,

Robert Walton

September 17, 1786"

I once again write to you again, the storm has longed clear however grey clouds still loom as my ship makes its way towards the Norwegian coast. The storm had been that of unprecedented scale, on the night of sixteenth, it reached its climax. Colossal waves form and tossed the ship around like a children's play toy. Some of my crew had been injured while hanging on for dear life. Suddenly it came, the most

magnificent light that I have ever seen. An immeasurable magnificent purple streak of lightening shun, everything laid exposed to the light, there was no shadow, no darkness, everything stood still, still in movement, still in time, then I saw white, my eyes were exposed to the grandeur of the incident. My eyes were blinded; it took a fair minute to normalize again. Nature had seen what I wrote down, she wanted me to her grandeur, she wanted to me to _fear.

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Sister, this is offside to my main subject, but as of this moment, I see thine large shadowed figure in the distance. It seems to a ship, a ship without even a sail on itâ€| No, this cannot be, there is no possible explanation, its metal, I must end my letter before I lose control of the situation. Thank you dear sister, if anything befalls, know that I love you.

Your affectionate and sincere brother,

Robert Walton

* * *

><p>The Monster's Point of View_

I laid back on my imperfect bed, easing myself over the past few nights of stress. Environment Canada called in about a phenomenon happening in Baffin Bay. They soon later requested the Coast Guard Operating base in Iqaluit to patrol and investigate the area. Being the only distinguished officer available on one of the few icebreakers available in the North, it was natural for them send me to investigate. My eyes looked at the stack of paperwork that sat on my wooden table. I sighed; being the captain of CCGS Amundsen takes a lot a nerve. It was no easy task having responsibility over such a large ship, every choice I make must have reasoning, every voyage that the ship takes must be followed by a detailed report, every liter of diesel must be counted; every minute we are on uniform in this ship must be followed by discipline, efficiency, and most importantly patriotism.

I relieve my mind of any tension; I give attention to the small stereo that sat on a small counter beside my bed. I turned it on.

"_This CBC Radio North, it is September 17, 2016 at 9 AM, good morning this is Arctic Fever, I am your host David Clyde before starting off with our show, we would like to bring some breaking news. A developing story is breaking out of Alaska this morning, there is confirmed reports of a Russian jet crashing into a US Navy ship. The pilot of the jet is dead along with 10 crewmen from the US ship, we are awaiting word from the Kremlin and the White House. There is also reports of at least 100 are dead in Gaza after an Israeli airstrike hit a market in the city center. This comes 35 hours after a truce between Hamas and Israel has been put in place. Israel claims that Hamas broke the ceasefire by firing rockets; however Hamas claims that Israel's strike was preemptively planned. Boy, things are deteriorating fastâ€|"_

The world has been always been always in conflict, in my 220 years since my birth from creator, I had learned that humans will always fight, it does not matter what they fight for whether it is for

resources or a ridiculous ideology, it is in their nature to do such. Being the monster I once was in my foolish path of murder, I had soon learned the consequence of being a follower of society's ill. I tried removing my existence to no avail. It was my _want _to survive that prevailed. But I would have never thought that I would last this long, I would have never thought that Victor had created an immortal being, an immortal that lives a respectable life and only distinguishable to most humans through height.

I had come to use Victor study to improve my body. At first I learned biology and the other natural sciences to comprehend his work, but once achieving respectable understanding, I studied his works, how he created me, and then how he created the now gone corpse of my first partner. I then replicated his works to give life to small animals. Whether it was for the greater good or out of distrust and caution I destroyed those creations. I later tried improving the aesthetics of my body, making it look, act, and feel human. It was a long process, but it paid.

Victor's work was kept in secret, it was under my care. I had thought that no man would have been able to successfully recreate life, but some 30 years after his discovery a story was published which eerily had too many things in common. The writer I believe was a woman by the name of Shelley; it was she who created Franzl. She had learned from the locals of Victor and decided to write about it. However her work had been lost, and forgotten in modern times.

I had been lost in thought, it was no time for such, I must concentrate on my lovely JVC stereo.

"â€|_Anyways, we've been reading your requests for an 80s themed episode, now it may be 2016 where anyone can write and compose songs 'nilly willy', but seeing the legacy, the impact of the decade, and most importantly our listeners, we decided to bring back nostalgia when many are feeling 'solastalgia', especially here in the changing Arctic. Let's see what you think of Jan Hammer's Crockett's Theme."_

The synthesizer playing had blared out any external sounds. I was too focused listening to the radio, when I realized someone was calling from outside_. "Sir, sir, captain, Captain Heidrich!"_

"_Sir, we need you immediately!" _I had jumped out of my bed, and turned off the stereo. I took my coat I put it on my imposing figure. I opened my cabin door, and saw a small petty officer agonized.

"What's wrong, why are you shaken up?" I asked the officer with my masked German accent.

"Sir, there is a ship out in the stranded! It seems to be one of those old privateers, and looks like its falling apart!" She frantically said.

"Did anyone send an SOS today?" I sternly said.

"No sir," She replied.

"Send out a message to Iqaluit and let's find out who these people," I ordered.

The female officer acknowledged my order and rushed forth towards the control deck, I followed suit.

When I reached the control deck, the ship had come close to the primitive floating vessel, with a clear view, the ship had clearly had damage to it, as a Coast Guard it was my responsibility to get whoever these fools were to safety. However something was deeply wrong, as I looked into a binocular the crew members of the wooden ship were running in a disorganized fashion. I had taken notice of their uniform, so trashed, so pitiful, _just who were they?_

* * *

><p>Walton's Point of View_

I watched in shock as the mammoth iron ship comes forward with great speed to our ship. I saw it show off its demeaning figure, I hesitated; the Privateer I leased from the all-powerful British Navy was nothing to this beast. I read the large letters that was ingrained onto the ship.

Amundsen

I had my letters and Frankenstein's story in my hands. I saw my crew-mates swarming with madness on their face it is as though we had entered hell-fire. I made my way towards the center of the ship not realizing that I was putting myself in harm's way. I started blankly at the opposing vessel when a sailor got my attention.

"Captain Walton, ye men are setting up the canons against that iron devil! You need to stop them before fear devours them to anger such a beast!"

But he fared too late in his warning, a cannon shot at the iron ship. It was my crew mates that did not see what I had feared. The canon made only a large dent on the ship. I heard a man yell, "We might be able to sink that scurvy!" I was taken aback as more small cannons fired, I smelled dense foul gunpowder in the air, smoke brewing from the bottom. I shan't be anymore soon.

* * *

><p>The Monster's Point of View_

"Those fools! They fired at our ship!" A young sailor yelled. I sternly looked at window with my hands clasped together. I uttered.

"Everyone to battle stations, notify Command."

Everyone nodded in silence, a woman went on to a microphone.

"_Everyone to battle stations, this is not a drill, everyone to battle stations!_"

Immediately, many Coast Guards dressed in bright orange came onto the lower deck holstering M4A1 Carbine Rifles pointing at the provoking ship. They leaned on to the guardrail of the ship, clocking their

weapons; a few officers had armed themselves with grenade launchers to their rifle standing some distance from the enlisted personnel. They looked at the wooden ship before looking at each other, they nervously reverted their attention back to the aggressor.

"_Captain, All Echo stations ready for engagement, waiting for orders,"_ a voice came from my two way radio, I stalled for a some ten seconds as the crackle of cannons and loud crashing sounds were heard through the sky.

"Fire at will"

"_Yes sir, Fire at will!" _

All hell broke loose as the Coast Guards fired without restriction; I took my binocular to observe the faces of the belligerents for committing a foolish mistake. I then came to realize that they all worn torn, dirty, unchaste, unvirtuous clothing, it seems as though they had come from the eighteenth century. The men on that ship were falling left and right as they frantically tried firing back but it was too much for them to bear. Some of my sub-ordinates had fired their launchers and caused devastation on the flammable floating piece of wood. I shifted my eye towards a man standing in the middle of the ship standing with pieces of papers to his side staring blankly as carnage envelopes around him. I continued to loom at his face pondering. My mind stopped, there was no possible way, it was Walton. _How? _ I realized it was the abnormal activity that brought us close, but if so how did he end up in Canada's North? My heart was racing, I need to end this, this attack! We had decimated a technologically inferior foe., I should've called it off earlier.

"Ceasefire! Ceasefire!" I yelled into the two way radio.

The Coast Guards had stopped firing in unison , they immediately came to realize the destruction they had given to the battered ship.

"Get a rescue operation started now, call in all available helicopters and ships!" I yelled onto the radio.

I made my way towards the Coast Guards that were launching small boats to recover any survivors. I had entered one of these boats rescue boats and made my way towards the obliterated ship now in tatters. Within thirty seconds we made our way to the ship and started looking for survivors. I had gotten off the boat and made my way up cautiously to the main deck of the ship. When I finished reaching the deck, I seen a man lying in the middle with blood, I ran up towards the man, he had papers lying beside with traces of blood, it was Walton.

* * *

><p>Walton's Point of View_

I lay on the wooden floor as everything around me is slowly becoming engulfed in flames. I chuckle as I death crouch towards me, I will succumb to fate. I feel blood coming out of my stomach; I must have been hit by a piece of shrapnel. I was losing consciousness, blanking in and out time to time. Then something touched me.

"Walton! I Doth want you to not lose consciousness on me!" I heard, I moved my eyes to see him it was a tall handsome dark haired man in bright orange.

"Who is it," I asked.

"It is Frankenstein's creation," he said.

"How can it be?" I inquired. Though he had similar features to the monster I know, he had look to unfamiliar, too handsome, and too striking.

"I lived through the ages," He said quietly with a Germanic accent.

"I see, well I see you have changed greatly," I mumbled.

"Yes, but you must not lose your life on me!" He pleaded.

"I will succumb to death creature, I have committed all my energy on this foolish trip, it is only right that I die as a punishment for foolishness," I paused, it was too much for me, tears came out of my eyes, but it was the right thing to do, I continued with my weak voice, "I wish that you listen to a request, my final request."

"This will not be your final request! You will live! I will save you!" He yelled.

"Do not do such creature, Victor requested me to kill you, but I did not, and I will not. It is my only desire that I die with respect. I will tell you my last wish," I stopped for breath, the monster quieted and listened. I was seeing the light merged with his face and the surrounding, my time is limited, "Spread the word of Victor's tragedy, both of our tragedies, in this era and the era where you were so forth _'begotten'_"

And thus, I take my last look at the creature that put fear in my crew, I feel my last taste of crisp cold wind hit my face, I take my last look at my life with everything flashing before me, I take my last heartbeat as blood veins become numb, and I take my last breath of air as the world continues on. I have become part of the past, part of the silent; _I had become part of eternal peace._

End
file.